

Walthamstow High School Magazine.

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K. REEVE

Walthamstow High School Old Girls' Association.

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AT the Annual Meeting held in April it was decided that all subscriptions should be paid in January. I should be pleased if the members would send them to me, and I will forward them to Mrs. Maud. Last year many misunderstandings arose owing to the fact that some of the money was sent straight to Mrs. Maud, so that when I sent round the magazines I put in a reminder. I wish to apologise to all whom I unwittingly offended, and hope that this explanation will heal their wounded feelings.

May I ask all members to pay up in January so that I do not have to type out numerous slips to put in the JUNE Magazine? It is difficult just to keep the Association out of debt unless every member contributes her little funds.

WINIFRED WISE, *Hon. Secretary.*

The O.G.A.

A Social Meeting of the O.G.A. was held on Friday, October 20th, at the High School. There were about forty members present, ranging from 'first day' girls to those who have only left school quite recently, and although juniors were not quite so conspicuous by their absence as usual, yet it would be nice to see a few more of them.

The meeting started punctually at 7.30, and advertised itself thoroughly; there was no need to station anyone downstairs to point out the place of gathering, for as one old girl remarked, "Thank you, I heard them in Folkestone Road."

During the evening there were songs by Mary Reed, Charlotte Cunningham, Peggy Barton and Ethel Scudamore, a violin solo by Beatrice Whittingham, recitations by Edith Foxon, and Ella Lewis and Alice Wise accompanied the conversation with a pianoforte duet.

After refreshments and some music Miss Hewett explained the architect's views for the memorial, and it was decided that a decorated window was the most suitable gift for the new school. That building was the subject of a good deal of interest and discussion, most of the old girls feeling that the youth of the present and future day will not know the meaning of 'roughing it' at all. The meeting officially closed soon after 10 o'clock.

Old Girls' Whist Drive.

THE High School Old Girls might perhaps be divided into three classes; those who attend the Literary meetings, those that put in an appearance only at the Whist Drives and those who are to be seen at both. The two latter classes thoroughly enjoyed themselves on November 17th, when over forty of them with their brothers (or brothers adopted for the evening) or their husbands, met together to play a game which they called "Whist." Now, in the words of the Dictionary "Whist" is a game of cards, so called from the '*silence*' necessary, to play attentively and correctly." If this is so, the Old Girls cannot have been playing this game on the Friday mentioned, for the chief feature of the Whist Drive was its noise. If they learnt nothing else at school they learnt to talk.

We have often heard our head-mistress say that life is not all enjoyment, - nor is the Whist Drive. Miss Richardson, Miss Goldwin and the other mistresses sacrificed their half-holiday in order that their old pupils might have a good time in the evening, although the same girls in the past did not always give them a good time. At the risk of their lives they hung up curtains so that the room might

look pretty and they were never once cross when the helpers asked the innumerable questions. The old girls do not realise what they owe to Miss Richardson and Miss Goldwin. They also owe much to Muriel Whittingham, who took great trouble to organise the proceedings.

The prizes were won by; Hilda Griggs (smelling salts in silver case), Grace Barton (brooch and buttons), and Alice Wise (a diary), Mr Gillard, Mr. George Gower, whose son is at present under the severe eye of Miss Hewett, and Mr King.

It is hoped that there will soon be a building in which we can have both Whist Drives and Dances, and where Old Girls, both Ancient and Modern, will feel they are all linked together in the same chain which has been welded into shape by Miss Hewett.

New School Buildings.

It has been suggested that it might be interesting for those who were not able to be present at the September meeting of the Old Girls' Association, to read a short description of the new School Buildings which will shortly be begun on the field in Church Hill.

At the meeting I drew a rough plan on the blackboard to make my explanation clearer, but it is not easy to print a rough sketch, and if it were, my powers are not adequate to the task. So I will ask you to imagine the letter **E** placed thus - with respect to Church Hill. This will represent roughly the general plan of the school. There will be two floors, on the ground floor, facing Church Hill in the long front (which will occupy nearly half the width of the field) are three entrances, the main one in the middle, - on either side the Headmistress's Room and the Secretary's Room - beyond these, two Girls' Entrances with lobbies, stairs, Cloak Rooms, Music Rooms, etc., and a long corridor runs parallel to the front. On the first floor above this there will be on the left side a Cookery Room with Service Room, in the middle a large, Art Room, and on the right hand side a Science Laboratory with a Preparation Room and a Conservatory attached. Another corridor runs over the lower one.

The two outside wings will contain twelve Class Rooms, Staff Common Room and Cloak Rooms and a Division Room or Library. These rooms will all open into corridors lighted and ventilated by windows opening into the open air, and looking into the space between the wings of the **E**. Thus the ventilation will be as good as it can possibly be.

The middle wing will be the Assembly Hall, entered from the main corridor by the main doors,

with a gallery at the end, entered from the first floor corridor. The Hall is 66ft. by 33ft., and is lighted by nine windows, four on each side also looking on to the open space between the wings of the **E**, and one larger one, at the south end. This window will be the most interesting object in the building to many Old Girls, for it is proposed to decorate it by using the Coming of Age Gift (about £40). We all hope that the design for this will be the work of an Old Girl. This we feel would add enormously to the value and interest of what will certainly be the great feature of the Hall, and will at once make it particularly our own and unlike all other halls.

The walls will be panelled in wood to the height of the window's, and the ceiling will be rounded, with arches springing from the spaces between the side windows. We feel that it will be a delightful place for reunions of Old Girls, as well as a very welcome addition in regular school work. We have felt the need of a hall for so long, especially for Singing and Drill on wet days, that we shall appreciate this part of the building perhaps more than any other. But we must not forget that now we shall be able to have lessons in Cookery, and, I hope, in simple Laundry Work. This has been in the past quite out of the question, though I have many times wished I could find a place for it. We shall now have a place for it in the School, but there still remains a by no means easy task, that is, to find a place for it in the timetable. But that must be done, and when we remember past wrestles with the time-table to find rooms for everybody on a wet drill afternoon nothing seems impossible.

Cookery is the only New Subject there will be in the curriculum - but gain by their new quarters. Drawing has been done under great disadvantages on small shaky desks in a bad light. When we think of the good work that some have done under these conditions, we expect outstanding results from the large new room, with its north light, and its new equipment.

Then, too, Botany experiments will suffer no longer from colds taken at the weekends, for they are to be provided with a warm home. Other Science subjects too, will gain from larger space and improved apparatus.

At the back of the building will be a large asphalted area, which will be sufficiently large to allow of two full-sized netball courts, and with the opportunity for practice this will afford, if we do not win the Shield we ought.

The heating will be by means of pipes running all round the corridors, as well as open fires. There will be numerous store rooms in convenient parts of the building for books, apparatus and other necessaries.

This is a very brief, but I hope an

understandable description. The absence of a sketch makes it rather more difficult to follow, but some of you will remember that in the past I have encouraged you sometimes to try to go through with a proposition of Euclid without reference to the figure, and if you profited by those lessons, perhaps you will be able to some extent to visualise the external and internal aspects of the new School.

B. HEWETT.

In a Suffolk Village.

I HAVE been asked to write about my life and work here, but I do not think that I have anything very interesting to say.

After a very jolly college life I am teaching in a little village in Suffolk – a village far removed from all intercourse with the world, three miles from any railway station and boasting of only one shop. This little village, however, finds as much interest in its own ups and downs as it would do if it were a big town, and of course everybody knows all about other people's business than their own.

I live in a delightful old-fashioned farmhouse situated right on the top of a hill and far away from any other houses. The house faces West and the glorious sunsets surpass description. As I am a long way from the school I am out rather early in the morning, and when it is fine I enjoy a lovely ride with a beautiful view before me all the way and when I come home in the evening I have the sunset in front of me, so that the ride on a fine day compensates for the discomfort of a pleasure of the rainy day.

The country at present on a sunny day is lovely – the trees are turning colour and the different tints are magnificent, and even this November afternoon I found some honeysuckle in flower.

The rabbits here at present are a great nuisance, and snares and traps are set for them and this morning I was out at a quarter to six, with an old man on the farm, looking at the traps. This old man is a study in himself: he is nearly eighty and is as active and hearty as a young man, and his face is tanned by constant exposure to sun and wind. A bluff old man, but there is always a twinkle in his eye, and his wife is just as kind.

It is not very pleasant to think of the winter evenings in store and the dark mornings. Unless there is a moon it is literally impossible to see one's hand held up, and on stormy nights the wind howls round the house like the roar of the waves.

The school children are very funny. At first I could not understand what they said, for they talk broad Suffolk, and use expressions which I have never heard before. My astonishment may perhaps

be imagined when I heard a man say to his son, "Don't let me have any of your schisms," and this word is in constant use. I understand them fairly well now and begin to get very fond of them. My chief tussle was with acorns and chestnuts, which are very plentiful, and the children brought them into school and rolled them about the floor. I have succeeded in banishing them altogether and now they never come further than the cloak room. The children are very funny and not at all dull although so far in the country. Their ages range from three to eleven, so I have my work cut out completely. I have a tiny mite just over three, a constant source of amusement to the rest of the children, and I often think if only he were not in school he would be perfection.

I must own that I am rather lonely and I do miss all the rush of College and the constant company of others, who shared one's triumphs and difficulties, but no doubt in time this loneliness will wear off, and there is always home and the holidays in store.

W.A.

Mrs. Nickleby goes to a "Midsummer Night's Dream."

KATE had two tickets given her for the High School entertainment in aid of the hospital cot, at least I do not know if they were given to her or not, but I know that they were quite cheap and as I had been asked to write an account for the magazine she thought I had better go with her. There were two performances and we went on the second day, which was a very wet one, so we had to have a cab. I felt very nervous as I once had a swelled head for six weeks from catching cold in a cab or was it a tram? I think it was a cab, however, for I know they charge by the hour and they could not have done that in a tram. There seemed to be a great many suffering from colds, I should not be a bit surprised if they were caught in that same cab. Ethel Scudamore, so Kate informed me, was ill and unable to sing. However, May Matthews, Hilda Griggs and Bessie Howlett obliged and were heartily applauded; the gentleman next to me thumping violently on the floor with my umbrella, it was a new silk one with a solid gold top – at least it looked like it, which matters most, and if it was not pure silk one can hardly expect every comfort for nine shillings.

While Hilda Griggs was singing "O Swallow, Swallow flying, flying south," the gentleman next to me – without the least encouragement on my part – said the song was by her brother, Mr. Frank Griggs. Of course I knew

it was by Tennyson, but as I did not wish to speak without being introduced - and there was no one by to do it except the programme sellers, or some boys with chocolate-I only glared at him with a sarcastic smile. He appeared somewhat confused, evidently seeing his mistake. Then he informed me that he had been the previous evening and heard Mr. George Foxon- who has a fine tenor voice-sing "The Last Watch" and "Mountain Lovers." I said I was sorry to have missed him as I was acquainted with his wife. Here our conversation was interrupted by a Pastoral Play performed by the younger members of the school. Some were dressed in old English costumes, and others like birds, who flapped their wings and joined in the singing. They gave a Maypole Dance and a Morris Dance, and a thin little shepherd and a plump little shepherdess each sang a verse of a song very prettily. Everyone was pleased and clapped for more- I took the precaution to move my umbrella-and the last dance and song were repeated.

During the evening Miss Dora Cross, dressed in cream and scarlet and carrying a bunch of scarlet flowers, contributed a dance. I am sure if Mr Vincent Crummles had been there he would have engaged her immediately, even if he had been producing Hamlet. She offered her posy as she danced, while her sister played the piano, and seemed full of grief because nobody wanted it-I mean the *posy*, not the *piano*. Kate said she felt very sorry for poor little Columbine, but I assured her that the flowers were only artificial ones. When she had finished the audience would not be quiet, especially the gentleman next to me-so she had to dance again. This dance was brighter and quicker, and she clashed cymbals with pretty gestures of the arms, I think I liked this even better than the first. Why do not more girls take up this profession, it makes such a pleasant change in a programme.

The scene from a "Midsummer Night's Dream" came at last. Kate told me they would be good, for Miss Litchfield had helped and they had been done before at the High School, but I was quite surprised to find how good they were. The girls looked charming, quite like Greeks and fairies all in muslin, and ribbons, and wings, and everything the most

Exacting archaeologist could wish. They never hesitated once but went smoothly on, as if they did it every evening of their lives before real strangers."

And how everyone seemed to enjoy it! Kate said she hardly knew which was better, Thisbe's wooden smile, or Bottom the weaver's swaggering manner. I cannot imagine how anyone could choose to make herself look and talk like a burly

man, when she might have been one of the pretty ladies or gentlemen, and I positively did not know Muriel Dale when I met her afterwards. The most natural piece of acting thought was the way the Court laughed at the players, it was just as if they were heartily enjoying themselves.

The scene with the fairies was the prettiest; they were perfect dears dancing about in their dainty frocks, and they sang so sweetly and loudly it might almost have been six older girls singing behind the scenes. While the weaver slept, with his *papier-mâché* donkey's head in Titania's lap, a fairy called Puck came in and tickled his nose with a straw-or piece of stick. It seemed to tickle the fairy far more than the donkey, and both Kate and I joined in the laughing- because everyone else did. Kathie Griggs and Madeline Whitfield played the music Mendelssohn composed for Shakespeare. It made one think of fairies, and waterfalls, and whether the rain had stopped, and if one would have to run up and down to find their cab. There were none of those dreary intervals, that generally seem longer than the performance, when people eat up all your sweets, and bore you by talking about their own clever children. In fact I had only just started telling the gentleman next to me how well Kate would have taken the chief part, when the curtain went up again.

At the end of the performance there was a chorus for "Miss Litchfield" and at her appearance the gentleman next to me suddenly jumped up and shot my bag of acid drops over my new plush mantle. He took no notice of me- not even to pick one off, and they were very sticky but shouted "bravo!" How manners have altered in the last few years - foreign competition I suppose -there was a gentleman once who lived in the next house to us who- Well I am sure I could have written a better and clearer account if Kate had not so persistently prompted and interrupted me, but one thing, I have done my duty, and that is a great comfort.

"MRS. NICKLEBY."

The Prize-giving.

FROM AN OLD GIRL'S POINT OF VIEW.

A PRIZE-GIVING is always a Prize-giving, but it can, unfortunately, be seen from at least two points of view- that of the scholar, and that of the audience. Those who have never sat upon the rather precarious platform tiers are naturally unable to experience that sinking and desolate feeling which assails an Old Girl when she enters the Baths to take her position amongst the audience either as a sister, or a cousin, or an aunt,

but always, above everything, as a daughter of the School. That is really a comfort, although absent, it may be for many years, she is still a daughter, and will be as long as she lives.

But there is a difference in the School this year, not in its methods, its surroundings, or its traditions, but in its name. One looks at the Prize-giving ticket and there it lies, like a blot on the escutcheon, "The County High School." "What's in a name?" you ask. Nothing really, except association. There is the brass plate on the door, the name stamped on the front of all one's cherished old exercise-books, and above all, the glorious emblazonings upon the covers of those old prizes of which one is ever proud.

But the Prize-giving has not altered. Each Old Girl has to feel that it looks the same as when she sat amongst the white-robed scholars, and it is the same-except for her. Last year's plan of having all the speeches together, thus leaving the entertainment uninterrupted, was not repeated. The evening opened with a song by the School, after which speeches and items of the programme followed, more or less in alternation.

The singing was very good this year, as indeed it always is. The pitch was kept up very well, and that horrible result of singing in the Baths, an echo, and consequently a tendency to singing flat, was fought against very well indeed. The playing, too, was very interesting. Margaret King has a beautiful touch, and her tone is really most noticeable. The song by the School, which was accompanied by violins played by Winnie Turner and Beatrice Whittingham, was very effective. The light, girlish voices were splendidly adapted to the piece chosen.

It would be incomplete to leave the entertainment portion of the evening without mentioning the recitations, particularly "The Glory of the Garden," said by Violet Adams. A fact which is often forgotten, is that one needs much more than a good voice, a clear enunciation, and even perfect expression to be a good elocutionist. There is, in every art, a certain quality which can be got by no amount of training. To obtain the all-important thing in elocution, which perhaps may best be described as atmosphere, or more fully, a power of conveying to the minds of the audience just that feeling which was in the mind of the poet when he wrote, it is necessary to have an intelligence of the abstract and descriptive elements, which form almost the whole of the charm of poetry. You remember Peter Bell in Wordsworth's poem:

"A primrose by the river's brim
A primrose only was to him.

And nothing-more."

Just so it is possible to admire poetry, and even to recite it exceedingly well, without anything beyond that. A primrose might have been Peter Bell's favourite flower. But with regard to Violet Adams' recitation, it may be said without fear of contradiction that she created just this atmosphere, which made her effort so very charming in every way.

Of the speeches, it is superfluous to say that Miss Hewett's was the most interesting, at least to the girls, past and present. It is from this speech that one gains a real knowledge of what is going on in the school. Here are the intimate touches, the news of old friends, and the plans for the future. Whether heard from the platform or the body of the hall, it is always the voice of one to whom it is glorious pleasure to listen. From her speech it is evident that the question of examinations has been causing some thought, but probably every Old Girl, in looking back upon her school days, will admit that those were the happiest which were occupied with study for some examination, such as the Junior or Senior Cambridge, which have always been taken by the School. It is easier to work for a definite and immediate object than for those dim and distant days when one's school-days will be over.

Thanks are due to Mrs. Houghton, who so kindly distributed the prizes. There is no one who is more liked by the scholars, and she may be considered as one of the School's dearest friends.

The last item on the programme was a song by the School, after which, amid ringing cheers for Miss Hewett and the mistresses, another Prize-giving was brought to a close, and more Old Girls were created to come next year and sit gloomily amongst "all the rest."

And so we are left to meditate, and realise that the old order changeth, and although we are always "Old Girls" we are never again scholars. A small thing you think, but oh-

"The little less and what worlds away."

H. M.

A Holiday in South Africa.

(Concluded.)

EVERYBODY was longing for rain before we left and I believe it came the day after. A few showers they say absolutely transform Johannesburg and make it quite beautiful. When we first came, Carrie was living in a suburb called Judith Paarl, about a quarter of an hour's tram ride from the centre of the town. In a few weeks,

however, she moved into a house they had built in a much prettier part called Parktown West. It is a newer suburb and not so much built upon, and they have a beautiful view over the hills from the windows of their house.

Johannesburg has a very large native population, in fact the blacks number about twice as many as the whites, so you can see we soon grew accustomed to the sight of Kaffirs. Most people have Kaffir boys as house servants and often also as nurses, and some of them work very well indeed though some are tiresome.

One day during our stay we went down a gold mine—a somewhat exciting experience. We went down 1,900 feet and could have gone lower had we felt inclined. We made the descent in a most extraordinary arrangement known as a "skip," very much like the interior of a coal-scuttle. The mine captain accompanied us and showed us all the interesting things. We had to carry lanterns, as most of the time we were in darkness, though part of the mine is lit by electric light. We brought away small pieces of rock containing specks of gold as souvenirs of our visit.

Johannesburg has most magnificent cricket, football and tennis grounds known as the "Wanderen" and covering thirty acres of ground. The name also includes a bicycle track, gymnasium and a large concert hall which will seat 2,500 persons. We spent several afternoons there watching the football. There was a tremendous interest taken in the matches, as two English teams were touring South Africa during June and July.

We went over to Pretoria one day and had a good look at the place. It is very pretty but is rather too hot in summer to be pleasant. The Government buildings are very fine.

From Johannesburg we went down to Durban, as we intended to start our voyage home from there instead of from Cape Town, making our time at sea over three weeks instead of seventeen days. We spent one night on the way at Pietermaritzburg, or Maritzburg, as it is always called for short, in order to see Miss Kuhn, who is now teaching in a school there. When she met us at the station she told us it was exactly five years that very day since she left England. She looked very well and has changed very little. She took us all over her school, which is built close by the river and has a most beautiful view. Maritzburg is situated in the midst of most lovely scenery but the place itself is very small and inclined to be dull.

We spent a week in Durban and then sailed for home by the "Armadale Castle," a rather larger boat than the "Briton." Our fellow passengers were not very numerous, as few South Africans care to arrive in England in October. We landed at Madeira and

thoroughly enjoyed the few hours we spent there. We took the train up to the top of the mountain and had breakfast at the hotel there, and then made the descent in a funny sort of toboggan guided by two Portuguese, who ran by the side holding ropes to keep the thing under control. We came, back to the boat laden with flowers that the children were selling, which were of the most gorgeous colours.

One evening during the voyage we had a glorious thunderstorm. I don't know that I should ever apply that adjective to a thunderstorm on land, but somehow at sea it seemed different and the lightning was so beautiful that no other adjective would describe it. The whole sky was lit up with it and sometimes it seemed to run down right from the sky to sea in one long zigzag. It was simply wonderful. The first glimpse of England seemed to give one quite a thrill, even after an absence of only six months. The home country once more, back again from glorious perpetual sunshine to an English winter—cold, fog, rain, snow!—ah yes—but add to this what makes up for all—the land of our birth—the land we love the most.

Mary Reed's Concert.

THOSE who were present at the Steinway Hall on Thursday evening, November 16th, had a most pleasurable experience in listening to the excellent musical programme which Miss Mary Reed had provided for her first Vocal Recital in London.

Miss Reed had a varied and tasteful selection of songs, all of which were rendered in a charming style. Her clear and excellently trained soprano voice was heard to the greatest advantage we think in Sullivan's "My Dearest Heart," German's "Bird of Blue" and "What's in the Air To-day," one of several encores.

Messrs. Jacob Williamson (tenor), Sidney Hott (baritone), and Chalfont Whitmore (violin), added considerably to the enjoyment of the evening by their contributions to the programme.

Miss Reed has a pleasing personality and a graceful and true English style. We were struck with her enunciation, which was particularly good.

The recital was well attended and we heartily congratulate Miss Reed upon her well-earned success at the same time venturing to predict that we shall hear of her greater success and growing fame in the near future.

Births.

SHAW – On July 25th, to Mr and Mrs Sheila Shaw (née Janet Day) – a son – Thomas Brian.

GOWER – On August 3rd, to Mr and Mrs George Gower (née Ethel Barton – a son – Colin Barton.

WILDASH – On October 19th to Mr and Mrs George Wildash (née Annie Kelsey) – a son – George Kelsey.

HOOKWAY - To Mr. and Mrs. Hookway (née Lily Cook) a son – Alan John Waters.

Weddings

HODSON-BOWERS. -The marriage of Mr. Wilfrid Edwin Bowers of Carshalton, and Isabel Florentine Hodson, took place on June 28th, at St. Mary's Parish Church, Walthamstow. The bride's dress was of white Liberty silk draped with silk gauze and trimmed with pearls, and she carried a bouquet of white carnations and lilies-of-the-valley. Her little nephew, Colin, Douglas, who was dressed in a white tunic suit, carried her train. The two bridesmaids, Dorothy Shadwell and Christine Scott, wore dresses of ivory white eolienne, trimmed with lace and insertion, and fawn-coloured straw hats trimmed with pale blue ribbon and a little wreath of pink and blue flower's. Their bouquets were of pink carnations. The honeymoon was spent abroad, in Germany and Saxon Switzerland.

SELF –HASELGROVE-On Wednesday, July 5th, at Higham's Park Congregational Church, which was beautifully decorated for the occasion, Gladys Self was married to Mr. Cliff -Haselgrove. The bride, who was given away by her father, wore a dress of soft white satin, with an overtunic of *ninon de soie* embroidered with pearls. The bodice was trimmed with old Breton lace, and she also wore an old Breton lace veil lent by her cousin. There were five bridesmaids dressed in pearl-grey Liberty satin, and after the ceremony five little girls strewed the path from the Church to the carriage with pale pinkleaves. A reception was held in the Church room which was attended by about one hundred guests. Later in the afternoon Mr and Mrs. Hazelgrove left for London *en route* for Paris and Lucerne, where the honeymoon was spent.

BOULTER-RYAN.- The marriage took place on August 20th, at Trinity Congregational Church, Walthamstow, of Robert, eldest son of J. Wilson Ryan, Ballsbridge, Co. Dublin, and Dora, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Boulter, Church Hill, Walthamstow. The wedding was an extremely quiet one, only relatives present; and the service very simple, being specially written by the Rev. Stanley B. James; who officiated, two

features of it being an exchange of rings by the bride and bridegroom and the bride not being given away. The reception was held afterwards at 65, Church Hill, when many handsome wedding presents were on view, and the same night Mr. and Mrs Ryan left for Ireland, where the honeymoon was spent.

GILLARD-JACKSON-August 31st was the occasion of the marriage of Beatrice Gillard with Mr. M.T.E. Jackson, a former resident of Walthamstow. The service which, took place at St. Andrew's, Leytonstone, was very quiet. Only the near relations of the bride and bridegroom being present.

HOUGHTON-BISHOP- Alice Mary Houghton was married to Laurence Collin Bishop on October 24th at the Parish Church Walthamstow, by the Rev. H. A. Allpass, Vicar of Shrub-end, Colchester, assisted by the Rev. H.D. Lampen, Vicar of Walthamstow. The bride, who wore a very simple gown of ivory-white satin, a tulle veil and wreath of orange blossom, was given away by her father, Mr Gilbert Houghton, and was attended by four little children; two little girls were attired in white and carried baskets of pink and white chrysanthemums; the two small boys wore white sailor suits. The happy pair left early in the afternoon for London, from whence they started for a cruise to Gibraltar on the P & O steam yacht "Vectis."

WILLMOT-LONG. Miss May Elsie Long was married to Mr Eric D. H. Willmot on November 8th at St. Mary and All Saints Church, Rivenhall, by Rev. Willmot, Rector of Rivenhall, and father of the bridegroom, assisted by Rev. H. A. Allpass. Owing to the bride's family being in mourning, the wedding was very quiet, only the relations and a few old friends being present. The little church was prettily decorated by Mrs. Willmot and the service was fully choral, the hymns being sung by the elder girls of the village school. May, who was given away by her mother, looked very nice in a dress of white charmeuse satin and a black and white picture hat and carried a bouquet of white flowers. The bridegroom was dressed in his Territorial uniform, and several of his men accompanied him to the church. Two of the bridegroom's little sisters, dressed in white, scattered flowers down the path, which was crowded by the villagers. After the ceremony a reception was held by Mr, Long, at Rickstones, during which the happy pair left by motor-car for a honeymoon tour.

The Summer Term.

THE Summer Term has not particularly exciting, as it was the last in the year and we had to work

for the examinations at the end of it. Coronation holidays, coming just before them, made it impossible for much other time to be given up.

The School is usually most unfortunate in the weather it picks for the Sports, but this year, on a day near the beginning of June, either the clerk of the weather felt that it was time to treat us better or his assistants mislabelled the thunderstorms meant for us, for, though very bad weather surrounded Walthamstow, there it was as fine and as hot as could be desired. Last year's arrangement for the prizes was kept to, the form gaining the highest total marks receiving a picture. The picture "1814," Messonier, was won by Form IV. With a total of seventy marks. Esmé Clarke won the Sack Race in the Lower School and Bruce Fulford the Egg and Spoon, while the prizes, kindly given by Mrs. Manley, for the girls in the Lower School obtaining the most marks in each form, were taken by L. Campbell (Form II), Esmé Clarke (Form I.) and Margaret Buchan (Preparatory). In the Old Girls' Flat Race, Ethel Dann was first and Gertie Allen second. The Old Girls' Three-legged race was won by Gertie Allen and Elsie Cotching. Winnie Archer and Ethel Dann were second. The Net-ball match against Chelsea Secondary School was won by us, the goals being thirteen to six.

The term ended with the Cambridge Local Examinations. Every girl passed. Dora Bosworth, gained distinction for Religious Knowledge in the Senior. In the Junior, Gladys Cloughton and Erica Foster passed with Third Class Honours, Dorothy Clay had Distinction in French, and Violet Adams in English Language and Literature.

The new term has started with many girls and as very few have left, the School is as full as, or perhaps a little fuller than, it can comfortably be.

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